

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

# reZ

September 2017

Atlantis Soaring

Jami Mills with  
Diiar Vader Shippe

SecLifer Art Blue

**VEEP** Cat Boccaccio

POETRY:

INAWA

JULIESSE

ZECCA

CALDWELL

RUST





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read *rez* Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

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- **I Fear the World Has Regressed (Partoum)** Amy Inawe takes on the challenge of composing a partoum with unqualified success. One of the grid's finest poets.
- **SecLifer** If you've been wondering about the new grid SANSAR, let Art Blue help you see it through his remarkable eyes.
- **Anger Face** RoseDrop Rust sure has a way with words, and this month's offering is dramatic proof. Such delightful imagery.
- **Veep** Cat Boccaccio gets the most out of the least, this month delving into the national politics of yesteryear.
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**About the Cover:** If you think Daenerys has bad ass dragons, get a load of this bad boy that Jami captured during her underwater adventures at the always remarkable, always entertaining, production by The Monarchs: Atlantis Rising.









# TERPSICORPS ARTWORKS PRESENTS

## WICKED COMING IN SEASON 2



### FEATURING

Bevin Riaxik as Carmelia (The Trigger) Zirpoli      Chrissy Rhiano as  
Darling Lawton as Natasha Romanov      Diawa Bellic as Kiko  
Fifi Candyfloss as Suki      Jess Lawton as Clayton  
Muse Baily as Rook      Queenie Acacia  
Cassie Park



# DO CITY

SEPTEMBER 2017



JURING

as Scarlet Romanov

Cordelia Cerise as Sassafras (Sassy) Wells

Eva Harley as Mercy

Exhibitionista Nirvana as Sinder

(The Shadow) Torino

Laura Richards as Ritzi

a as Raine

Severina as Sugar Rush

er as Cassie





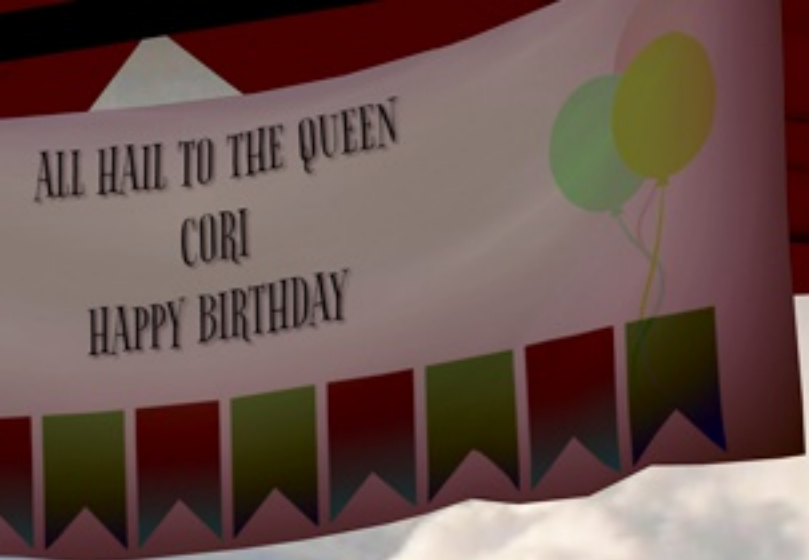
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# ER DARK

## N G E



**AFTER DARK**  
— LOUNGE —  
on Idle Rogue

ct: Meegan Danitz  
an.danitz@gmail.com  
ok.com@AfterDarkSL





# SKINNY PO BEACH

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AS





# WIDER RESORT PLAYGROUND







*Be*

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CUSTOM SHAPES



Each month this year we are including one of the months from Molly Bloom's 2017 calendar, which was produced by Art Blue, with the help of Jami Mills. Art has sent copies of this wonderful example of immersive art to many well-respected museums around the world in his single-handed effort to preserve the finest examples of early immersive art, before they are lost forever.

“Molly takes us ‘Back To The Garden’ with her sensuous take on innocence and Nature. I don’t know whether Joni Mitchell’s lyrics from ‘Woodstock’ were on her mind: We are stardust, we are golden..and we’ve got to get ourselves back to the garden.” Jami Mills

Molly Bloom 2017  
The Queen is Not Amused



art direction/photography: jami mills  
production: art blue

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# September

## back to the garden



Back to life. Read all about *The Dreamt Forest* at:



201709.  
immersivia.com

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
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17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30







# ATLANTIS SOA

by Jami Mills





ARING



The Monarchs (aka Diar Vader Shippe, Royal Shippe, and their magnificent troupe) have recently brought us another wondrous entertainment, *Atlantis Rising*, which ran from August 4th through August 19th. *Atlantis Rising* is a fine title for their latest production, but it doesn't quite capture the majesty of this immersive (no pun intended) enterprise, so I call it *Atlantis Soaring* instead. Make no mistake about it, *Imagine!* and *Imagine Too!* are hard acts to follow, but follow them they have, and with immense joy and hard work. The Monarchs have once again created a production they can be very proud of.

We've hoped this day would come when the metaverse could revel in The Monarchs' collective vision (and superb choreography). You may recall, in the August 2015 and November/December 2016 issues of *rez*, we waxed rhapsodic about the Disney-inspired entertainment of *Imagine!* and *Imagine Too!* Well, here we are, our patience having been rewarded once again with another Monarchs masterpiece.

The now-familiar ship that the audience happily crowds into (it was half-full a good hour before the show started), hoisted above the sea by a gaggle of balloons, whisks us from venue to venue, as with prior

productions. This time-saving device obviates the need for quick set changes. In other words, don't bring the sets to the audience, bring the audience to the sets!

The Mistress of Ceremonies, Fukuju Amaterasu, warmly welcomes everyone with explanatory remarks, revealing details about the production,



but she occasionally goes off-script and responds directly to audience queries, calling one such questioner



my little crustacean.” It’s hard to imagine a better spokesperson for *Atlantis Rising*.

So let’s introduce the other hard-working people who brought this dream to (virtual) reality: Production: Royal Shippe (who else?); Dancers: Storm Bohemian; Liriel Garnet; Shayna Paine; Gunner von Phoenix;

Phoenix; Filomena Quinnell; Royal Shippe; and Diar Vader Shippe. Two people in particular were central to the entertainment: the DJ (Gunner von Phoenix), whose music contributed mightily to the production, and the Driver/Hostess, Fukufu Amaterasu, whose charm also set a nice tone. And of course, the creator of the story itself, Diar Vader Shippe. I’m happy to call them all out by name because as Royal always reminds us, such a grand production would be impossible without the tireless efforts of dozens of people, and their devotion to their craft deserves, and so a shout-out is mandatory.

The first thing that strikes you about the sim is its grandeur. Laid out like pods, a handful interconnected islands, joined by marble bridges, rise out of the seascape. Cam up and you can spot the ship that will sail the audience around the sim. As you amble over a series of bridges, you

Imrhien Porthos; Jilley Resident; Kyshra Rhiadra; and Diamonte Thomas; choreography: Babypea von

are bedazzled with Shippe’s signature builds.











photo by Filomena Quinnell











“We feel pretty confident that you will not have seen anything quite like this before,” as the introduction in the written program teases.

Our ship winds its way around seven different stages, each one breathtaking. Stop One is “Atlantis,” the lost city itself (choreography by Diyar Vader Shippe). As the myth goes, the city vanished with nary a trace left behind. Those who remember it extol its beauty as “a utopia of technological and cultural wonder far beyond what exists in the world today.” Not before Atlantis Rising has the city given up all of its rich secrets quite so eloquently.

Stop Two, “The Hunters” (choreography by Babypea von Phoenix), captures an island in decay, choking with smog, with a ship embarking to find Atlantis, with the hope that discovering the lost world might save them.

On to Stop Three, “The Sirens’ Song” (choreography by Diyar Vader Shippe), where a cave reveals the tragic shipwrecks of countless men, helpless under the spell of any number of sensual women, tantalizing them eventually to their death. Shipwreck upon shipwreck, none lived long enough to describe the allure of the sirens’ song.







photo by Summers Nightdream

Suddenly, to the collective gasps of the audience members, they sink below the waves with absolutely brilliant showcraft. We've arrived at Stop Four "Below the Surface" (choreography by Filomena Quinnell). Their ship wrecked and fearing the worst, saying their prayers, a group of lovely and sensuous mermaids take pity on the sailors.

Stop Five, "The Sunken City" (choreography by Babypea von Phoenix), brings the sailors' magical quest to an end. The mermaids guide them to the bottom of the sea, where Atlantis, the Lost City, lay resplendent on the ocean floor, still thriving and

very much alive. The sailors quickly gather themselves after being dumbstruck with the beauty of this peaceful city, then embark on a search for the prized technology of Atlantis, so advanced that it remains unknown to the society they left behind.

Stop Six, "Atlantis Rising" (choreography by Royal Shippe), finds our erstwhile sailors scurrying through the underbelly of Atlantis, trying to cloak themselves in the anonymity of the sewers, now hungrier than ever to seize for themselves the vast technological riches of Atlantis, but one false step and the entire city's defenses suddenly rise up to save its precious secrets.



In the final Stop Seven, “The Thousand Year City” (choreography by Royal Shippe), the city rises once again, surfacing from the depths on the back of a giant turtle. Long gone are the sailors who sought to corrupt the ideals of the City. People will little

note their passing, but the story of Atlantis lives on forever.

We are fortunate that Diar Vader Shippe could join us for a brief interview.





*JM: Diyar, thank you for taking time out of your busy schedule to share with us some of your thoughts about this wonderful production. After Imagine! and Imagine Too!, you knew you were going to follow it up with something wonderful. When did the idea for*

*Atlantis Rising first pop into your head, and how long did it marinate in there before spilling out onto the page?*

DV: Well, we don't plan that far ahead. If you ask us what the next show coming will be, we will generally have

an answer, but ask us what's happening in six months and we don't know much more than you. So when we did Imagine Too!, we knew Dead Men's tale was next, when we did that we knew Draco Eternum was next, and when we did that we knew Atlantis Rising was next . Though we don't know stories or titles until we formally start working a show, we have some pretty loose ideas.

The very first time the idea for Atlantis came to us, though, was long ago. When we first created the Monarchs, we had a number of projects we wanted to do. One was Star Wars,





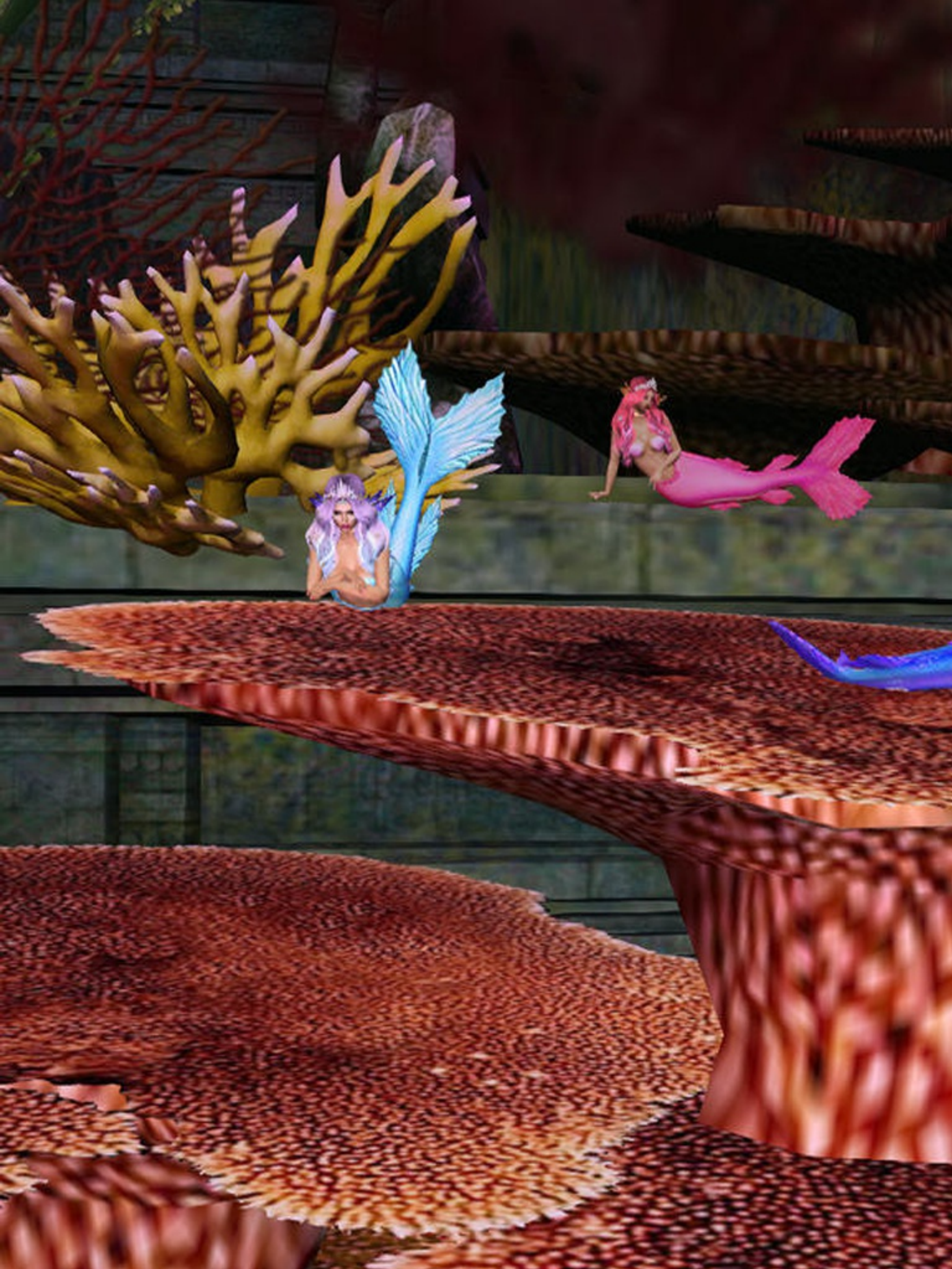






photo by Jamielyn Randolph





one was to do Atlantis and sink a sim, another...well, you'll have to wait and see :)

But that's how it starts out. Someone says "Hey, let's sink a sim!," and then the idea is put into a little box to mature for a bit until it's time to bring it out. Don't ask how long that takes or how we know when it's ready - I've no idea. To be honest, I'm not sure who really decides what's next - somehow we just always know the next step...

*JM: You personally did the choreography for "Atlantis" and "The Sirens' Song," two wonderful numbers. You really set the mood of the*

*production. Is choreography your favorite part of the creative process?*

DV: I like doing choreographies, that's for sure! But my favorite part is probably more in the region of story writing and creating the graphics for the shows - posters and program. I selfishly hog those tasks because I like how it gives me control over the overall feel of the production.

Actually come to think of it - my favorite part is the process! In the span of a few intense months, we take an idea and spin it into a story, turn it into reality, breathe life into it, mold it into a show and then, inevitably, say



goodbye and turn our attention to the next idea.

*JM: You have a devoted troupe, with many of the same dancers from earlier productions. How hard is it to keep such talented people together? You must be doing something right for them to be so loyal over the years.*

DV: We are insanely blessed with some amazing people that are not only talented but who put up with our antics! But the crazy thing is...it's not that hard.

We don't really do anything special. There's no secret spell, no hidden drug in their food!



photo by Filomena Quinnell



I wish I had a better answer, but the truth is, I don't really know. I hope everyone stays because it's fun and maybe a little bit challenging - maybe they stay for the free costumes...that's okay too. Perhaps it's the constant chatter in group whenever we gather...I just don't know - you'll have to ask them.

But I can tell you right now, we would not be able to do these shows without them. Their commitment and attitudes are crucial! We're truly lucky to have

gathered up a group that we are happy to call friends and teammates, and who are professionals to boot!

*JM: The audience was gasping with wonder during the show. That has to make you feel especially good to elicit that kind of response. All of the Monarchs' productions have that same thing in common: a sense of wonder. Is the wide-eyed amazement of the audience something you were purposefully going for?*





DV: Yeah. Yes! Kind of...

I think, if memory serves me, the goal for us was to present high quality performances. "Performance." That was always a key for us. Right from the start, it was about creating ONE cohesive performance, maintaining a high quality throughout. We were never really interested in "art" as much as we were entertainment.

So, when you take that simple concept and spice it up with Royal's amazing builds, a recognizable story, some good music and an open atmosphere - I guess that's the result. I suppose you can say it's not precisely what we plan for, but we are definitely happy if that's what people walk away with!

And you know, we LOVE our audience. They come in with their families, dress up and get involved!

*JM: Describe some of your most memorable aspects of putting this production together, something behind the scenes that the audience might not have noticed.*

DV: Hah! This particular show is mostly memorable for the raging stress it put everyone under.

After *Draco Eternum*, summer came around. I got real busy in real life and while we knew *Atlantis* was next, work

on it was progressing slowly - sloooooowly. May came and went, June soon followed it, before we knew it, we were facing down July... We didn't want to keep everyone waiting, so we decided to just set some dates and run like hell!

In hindsight we should have set the dates further ahead - we should have accepted the summer break.

We didn't. And as a result, we were all running faster than ever. We have few rules in *Monarchs* - the ones we do have revolve mostly around deadlines. But everything was late. Choreographies, costumes - Personally I didn't finish work until the day of the show, and even now there are things I wish we'd managed to get in there.

But again - can we just mention the troupe?! They never once complained. When the costumes ticked in later than ever, they never mentioned it - just got right on setting them up and preparing for rehearsal. They offered help, kept smiling when things were late or missing, offered help again and kept smiling!

Yeah, there's a lot about this show that's memorable - but that last minute rush...let's not do that again!

*JM: What's it like working with a perfectionist like Royal? He sets the*



*bar pretty high. Both of you seem to have a way of bringing out the best in people.*

DV: Working with Royal is a little like standing in the middle of a hurricane. He's here, he's there and then he's quiet for a moment before he plows on. I think when all is said and done, I'm probably the bigger perfectionist of the two of us, but without him and his crazy, restless energy, we'd never get anything done. And without his uncanny eye for details, it would never be as good.

It's a treat working with a visionary. And one that's generally pretty humble about it. He might be a perfectionist and he might have the ideas and visions of his own, but he isn't limited to that. We can bring him the craziest input and he just absorbs it and weaves it in with the rest.

And I think all that helps all of us working with him to put in just a little extra when we get to work with his builds and the music he remixes.

*JM: I believe you have said there will be another production by The Monarchs coming up soon. Can you tell us a little something about it, or is it still in its infancy?*

DV: I can tell you about it! And boy, would I love to!

Tenebris Noctis is the working title, and it'll be another sim-wide show, though this one won't be a story. After having done three of those this year, we kind of feel it's time to do something else.

And it will be different! This will be the Monarchs' take on Halloween! Last year we skipped it and did Imagine Too! Instead. We figured there'd be enough scares across the grid without us donning the fake vampire teeth - so we've actually never done it as a troupe.

We've not started working on it for real yet - we need to finish Atlantis Rising before we can start turning the sim over - so the details are not fully settled yet. I can tell you there will be an...assortment of more or less...of unusual Halloween themes. There'll be a revamp (no pun intended) of an old set by Royal as well as a...teaser for another coming show.

When is it coming? Well, even without any set dates, I think it's safe to take a guess that we're aiming at a late October premiere :)

After that we'll turn our focus on Monarchs Kingdom - our new permanent build with theater and ballroom among other goodies and hopefully end the year with a series of events!



*JM: Finally, please tell our readers how meaningful it is to you personally to be able to work with such a talented group of artists.*

DV: I probably wouldn't log into Second Life if not for all the incredible people I am fortunate enough to work with! It's as simple as that.

And it's not just the Monarchs - it's the people we meet and get to work with. Or even our audience - some of whom are artists of their own!

I'd be lying if I said I felt like what we do is something as airy as art, or that I

interest. Friends who meet up every now and again and are lucky enough that there are those who would come and see us larking about.

But isn't that about as much meaning as any of us can hope for? :)

*JM: I speak for myself, as an excited fan, but also on behalf of all of our readers: Thank you and Royal and the rest of The Monarchs for bringing out the best of the virtual world. We all look forward to a front row seat at your next production.*

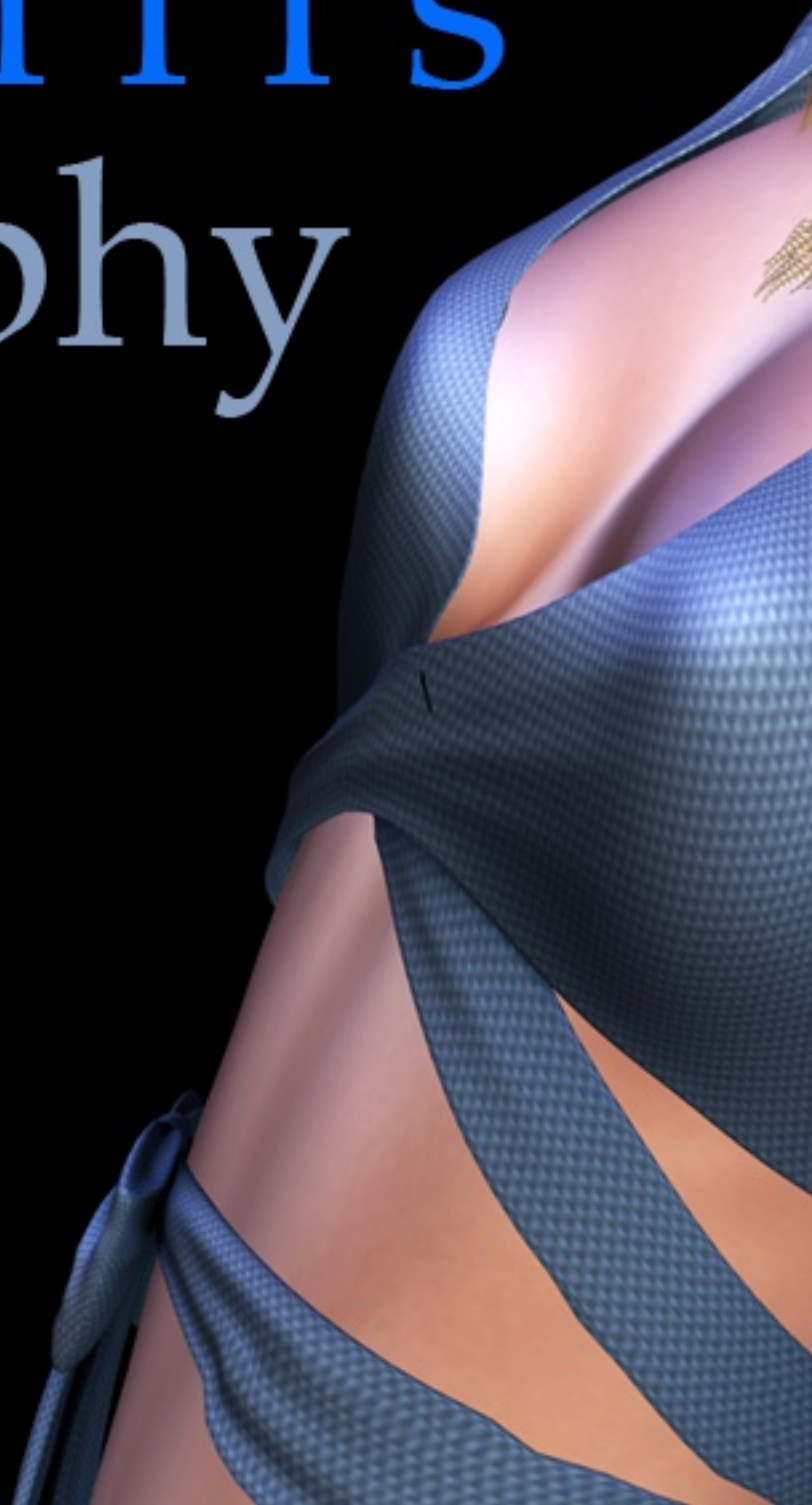


consider the people who are part of it artists first. I don't. We're just friends who happen to share a passion and an

. r — e — z .



jami mills  
photography









One overstuffed ripped red suitcase  
Meets the empty closet—  
The tan room walls a blank palette, waiting.

That old blue Picasso print,  
The one I've had since college —  
That will hang over the bed.  
Blue nude,  
Perfect form curled into herself,  
Ready to bloom.

My blue toothbrush stands new,  
Nestled in the cup by the sink with yours—  
Cosmetics in neat stacks among the  
clutter.

The closet racks will be filled with my  
blouses and skirts.

I do not know street names,  
Finding my way out for mascara and wine.  
Instead, I remember to go left at the  
convenience store,  
Then turn right by the florist for home.

*Home.*  
*I am home.*

I paint a fresh canvas  
By the light of the old one snapping in the  
fireplace,  
Curling into orange embers—  
Before collapsing  
Into ash.

*Welcome home.*  
*You are loved.*

*Jullianna Juliesse*

## *That Moment I Realized*







## CAT'S BEACH GALLERY

(Mature)

Cat Boccaccio



# I Fear the World Has Regressed (Pantoum)

Amy Inawe

I fear the world has regressed of late  
So many people have chosen hate  
Threats hang in the air like a storm cloud  
Rhetoric and lies does us enshroud

So many people have chosen hate  
Turning their backs on fruitful debate  
Rhetoric and lies does us enshroud  
Separate sides find solace in their own crowd

Turning their backs on fruitful debate  
Lack of compassion does frustrate  
Separate sides find solace in their own crowd  
With fear and anger they turn loud

Lack of compassion does frustrate  
Threats hang in the air like a storm cloud  
With fear and anger they turn loud  
I fear the world has regressed of late



image by Killgareth



Friday

Tonight's Theme:

?

with  
DJ Gray  
and Jami

Night

Howelsen  
75, 234, 1545

9-11 SLT

Live



# SecLifer

## Get Ready For Real



## by An

RANDOMIZE







ity

rt Blue



# A time capsule

Secondlifer [short Seclifer]: someone who is 24/7 alive in Second Life. Not to mix with Secondcamper, someone just being in SL on idle.

**Timestamp: August 1, 2017**

Sometimes you need to see the future to cherish the present. This was my impression as I went to the new world SANSAR. I don't speak of missing functions, teleporters not working, interactivity zero; that you can't zoom if you don't wear a HMD, a Head Mounted Display, or that a form of lag hits you that you think your computer falls in stasis. Not the one I usually describe as the Stendhal syndrome where you are in awe over the beauty you experience, when it takes your breath and your heartbeat stops, No, I speak of a stasis where you'd better take your dog on a walk, sadly not your virtual one. I also don't criticize that everyone looks like a noob and can only change their hair and clothes out of a box which reminds me of Google Lively, which was shut down at the end of 2008 because it could not compete with Second Life.

You think I exaggerate? I do not. I made the full shots of all options to choose from in order to express one's self.

## AVATARS GO SA



## AVATARS GO HIC



You say that's the free version, just Freebies I am speaking of. Right now I did not see anything else, met not anyone looking differently. At least I have glasses and blue hair now. I changed my head shape a little. Sadly the glasses have no option to make them semi-transparent or change anything on them. I would have liked to have them in blue, 50% transparent in ultimate art blue, you know UA Blue? I created, coded hex as #0033AA. I am unique, not just blue.

Maybe I am just too stupid to get the tunes? Am I stuck, just too long in Art? I used the voice function.



# SANSAR



## HIGH FIDELITY



FIRST  
REAL AVATAR  
DOOB SCANS

“Is there anybody out there, hearing me?” Oh what a joy, I heard someone responding.

“Hello?”

“Who did say Hello?” You might already guess what comes now.

“Me.”

I ask, “Who is the Me?”

“That’s private,” comes the answer.

Gosh, I would like to know the virtual name of the one who is speaking as

there is no audio function, no control over it. All you find is an icon to mute and unmute your own microphone. You just hear someone in the crowd speaking “Hello” and you don’t see where to click, how to focus, really you just don’t get who is talking.

At least, what a joy, all have been friendly so there was no need to mute anyone and as there is no button for. A new world created for kind people. Is this what SANSAR is made for? Let’s hope everyone will stay as polite and friendly as I experienced it on day one, two, three, four, but what happens on day five?

In SANSAR, you have to give reasonable proof of your identity to create only one single user ID. This ID you carry a lifetime. Maybe that’s the trick. A horrible concept for griefers and for people longing for “a second start” when the first sucked.

Does SANSAR head to Facebook?



One real life, one virtual life and you switch in some years effortlessly by a click with your Oculus Rift HMD? You know that Oculus Rift is owned by Facebook? Take the registration seriously or your life is eaten by Facebook. This happened to me. I tried for over a year to get my beloved Art Blue in Facebook back ... hopelessly, just robots are answering, "We will come back to you in time." I would have to set my lawyer on the run as Art Blue was the penname for me as a curator for a real Biennale. But that's not about Facebook, it is about SANSAR and I made it as Ervare, another pen name I have, proved to be real by Amazon.

I was lucky that in SANSAR, there is local chat and IM so I could exchange my view that really no one found the functions I expected.

I know I sound bad and in some months I might glorify the progress when we all do a happy dance there. But maybe I just got the mission of SANSAR wrong? Juliette, in SANSAR wearing proudly the ID surrealdreaming says, "It's a glorified chat room." Indeed you can look around and explore the things made by builders and artists like in a showcase. Just don't touch anything --- sorry I forgot, you can't touch anything.

This brings me back to reflect on



words by Philip Rosedale, the founder of Second Life he said at the Open Simulator Conference in 2014:

*"Second Life is different than a game because there isn't any goal and it has the very unusual property that*



*everything in it is changeable and in fact is created by the people who are there, not by us the company. In fact we didn't build anything in this Second Life. It started out as just a small island with trees on it. And as residents came in they began you know buying and you know developing that space so literally clearing the trees and building houses on it. They started building the content like glasses or clothes or tables or chairs or guns or cars. We didn't build any of that. We simply built a technology platform. I think it has been much like the web you know we created the server space and the software running on the servers that will allow you to basically going there and make web pages, only you are not making web pages - - you are making reality. People inevitably you know approaching with that how could that be a kind of a question how could the virtual world be real, but I think in the years to come we realize that the question was more just why not?"*

I started with a lot of trials and errors in Second Life in 2007 at a time the message was aired: "Decide what you want to be: a fox, a rabbit, a warrior, a dream princess - or what about a car?" You wonder about a car avatar? If you haven't seen the 80s show, Knight Rider, with David Hasselhoff, then google "KITT." KITT is an artificially intelligent electronic computer module in the body of a highly advanced, very

mobile, robotic automobile.

## **New Dawn**

We are heading to different times in virtual worlds. Reality snaps in. "Be yourself" is the message that hits you. Beware if you are not! Voice verify yourself! Verify your IP, send your





driver's license in, your birth certificate! You would not do this, I know, but a login via Facebook? Sounds familiar? BBIWY goes virtual.

SANSAR wants, as I already said, a "reasonable reality proof" (Lab Chat #3 with Ebbe Altberg, CEO of Linden Lab) when you register for a unique ID that you will keep lifelong in the server. I claimed Ervare, my pen name. That Ervare created Art Blue might fit for a story ... a story to "be yourself?"

Our western society is now at a point where many fields in science and in life, which have been over decades separated, are now finding new bindings by playground computing. Art and computing have bound together. Risk free travels to Libya to dig for the Great Sea Sand Glass? You smile about my advertisement for meeting the Sand Man? But what if you want to visit Turkey? To visit London? Do you want to attend a live concert at a place where weeks ago a bomb exploded? A glorified concert hall, a glorified world comes in my mind reflecting words by Juliette for SANSAR as a "glorified chat room."

Now humanity and computing is the focus to bind and you can't escape. In Art you can escape, you can still paint with a brush on the beach ... what beach? I keep open as I write on a new book so the beach has a name:

Onawero. But the human part shall not slip from my grip. There is the future.

I have heard there are avatars born for me, born for my ultimate experience, waiting for the real me. Avatars with a real body, a scanned one, scanned by a company named Doob.

This brings me to a new world, created by Philip Rosedale, High Fidelity; a virtual world set up in competition with SANSAR, still in beta, so not really ready to be compared by what you see. From the technical side, quite the opposite of SANSAR, but what might finally count is the user and I shall keep the focus there.

As I saw my first real body scan in High Fidelity, done by a company called Doob, I was shocked. That's me? OMG, no wonder why no lady

Creative visualization is a mi  
does not differentiate betw

any longer falls from her bicycle when she passes along and turns her head to look at me. Then I heard friends I trust say, "Awesome, you look awesome, that's really you!" Gosh, I was even more shocked until I saw other scans. Then the scientist in me regained control. I wrote an email to Doob scan



headquarters in Düsseldorf as I could not stand that my American friends, who have been Doob scanned in Los Angeles, San Francisco and New York (and of course myself) are presented so unfortunately. I outlined to Doob that the reason for this is that we are scanned in the T-Pose model that is different in High Fidelity, Blender, SL and Makehuman. The shoulder parts are not fitting and the back part show some flaws and the hair attachment ... All such technical inputs I gave and then I was waiting for a "second upload" of my real me. It reached me right in time so I can give you an update.

Now my shape fits quite well, but the face texture fades, the face looks washed out, so there is still much to do for making the real body scan avatars better. Nevertheless, I am recognizable and ready to meet the one born for me.

ghty force. The human mind  
ween real and virtual beauty.

## Born 4 Me

I got an email from youare@born4me.com – and wow this lady looks stunning. I am born for her? Has she seen the real me in High Fidelity, the old or the new version?

Let's hope for the latter. So I wrote back, asking where she had seen me, hoping to date her. I was shocked by her reply. She was born in the opensimulator made by Makehuman.org. I asked from where she knows of me, was it SANSAR, was it High Fidelity, was it Second Life? She said, that she scanned my aura and it is a good one. That was a real eye opener. I set-up the Auric Bodies project for the Immersivia at Leipzig Biennale 2018, uploaded myself as an example --- that must have impressed her. So I hurried to get inside opensimulator to meet her and another shock hits me. She has a sister ...

Enough said, as I am at the beginning.

"Sometimes you need to see the future to cherish the present."

Creative visualization is a mighty force. The human mind does not differentiate between real and virtual beauty. I have not decided if I shall date the one who sent me the email or her sister. I smell that the same human is behind both, but is this not the old technology where virtual was not real? You just don't know when it comes to old technology. Like in Art. I still like some old painters.

You ask for my favorite painting? I tell you. It is Zero Blue by Klein Blue. You



say that you never heard of this painting? There is room for history. Heinz Mack, Chromatische Konstellation: Vier Blaue Stufen of 2001 comes close ...

Or am I wrong? All just Blue in me?

I met again the Sand Man, the man from the future and he told me a new story. I am happy that I got the right to print another chapter from his book, Not Sand Not Sound, which he said was written in the year 2057, when he retires from the NGA where he worked his entire life as a server admin and finally reached the highest rank as worldartificer, one who is creating worlds.

The chapter looks back to the early days of Second Life and the collection of data gathered and used to build up the future society where everything is digital. To increase the readability, I modified it a little for the readers of rez, as they don't have the full book in hand. The chapter refers back to a congressional hearing that happened in 2008, so quite some time before the impact we all know as 9/11.

## **Philip Rosedale**

It took quite a while to warm up our engines at the NGA, to get some sleepy asses on the move and finally to pass the bureaucratic bottleneck after

we noticed the potential in simulation that stays within Second Life. In 2008, a congressional hearing was set up about the impacts of Second Life on our society. It was focused on money laundering and using Second Life as a vehicle for recruiting terrorists. Such threads our supervising systems, which we developed after 9/11, could manage with no time at all. It is quite easy to filter chat words and get the plain meaning out of them. Our focus is beyond the obvious, as you know; we face the tsunami of data to gain deeper meaning. Luckily, Philip Rosedale stated in this congressional hearing, just to mention as a side note, where Senators Edward Markey, Cliff Stearns and Gene Green gave quite a good picture in understanding virtual worlds, that "we in Second Life keep the files for some weeks."

This way, no user shall gets worried that the logs, the chats, the private Instant Messages might land somewhere outside the virtual realm. Like in a dreamland, when you think it's just a dream and wake-up to find that all is gone and forgotten, a dream the users kept for ages even after Edward Snowden showed the ways. Facebook, Apple, Microsoft, Google and tons of the smaller brands had to face the facts that when the States ask, industry serves.

In the years to come, a judicial system



was set in place that acts like an autoresponder. Have you never turned on an autoresponder in one of the old viewers like Firestorm? There is one remark in the Godsfile, Insanlar, and it is when Ervare reports about Deep Mind, a simulator made by a company named Alpha Go. Google bought the company and then integrated it in Alphabet. It was on March 16, 2016 when the human mind once more was overpowered by a machine. Here is the passage:

“My editor of *rez Magazine*, Jami, the one gifted with the sharp brain and a gift for math, became over time by passion and endurance close to a professional Go player. Why I know this? Yeah, when I send her an IM (instant message) on weekends between 2 and 4 PM PDT her autoresponder is on, saying, “Hi, I am deep involved in Go; please don’t disturb.””

It works this way, the autoresponder way, when we want to access a file that is not already covered by a contract in our database, we ask. We need legally a “Go” and this we get via an automation. We ask. We get. Instantly.

We ask always and in all ways. We must ask, as that’s the law. No asking and we don’t get the data. “So just ask,” and we do ask. Like an

autoresponder routine, we get what we want. So if you hear we copy all data, you are wrong. That’s illegal. We have to ask. I hope you read *The Gods of Informatics*. There is the basic coding, how to program a loop. So we ask. Always. We get just what we asked for, not more. If you still don’t understand, just grab the book. You are a person with a strong legal background? Then I add that I made a table “for reasons” to ask. We use phrases from this thesaurus randomly to set something in. We need the data because, “The sun shines bright in Oregon and this avatar was there setting the environment in the viewer on midnight. That’s a strong implication to hide things for getting seen.”

I once made an experiment and set in silly things, like the one just given and it worked, because if the robot software being asked resists delivery, then it has to pay for the costs to handle a denial. Not the robot but the one programming it. Do you want to be this programmer? Not everyone wants to become a second Edward Snowden.

We need the data in raw cut. We need every line, every turn, every eye contact, cross and looking targets, distance parameters ... so we have in total a chance to get the social interactions, the meaning beyond the obvious.











"Information at your fingertip," stated Bill Gates in 1995. In *The Gods of Informatics* of 2037 you find "Insanlar" clarifying information means "People."

I have to make a bow to director Robert Cardillo, who was ahead of the game in this area for many years. He stated this for the NGA, saying, "Share our insight with mission partners ...." Again no need to tell more.

I promised to keep the book light. Let me bring a real story. Let me name the Avatar's Max Aloud and Daisy Longsten. They are dancing in a club where a live singer performs. They are chatting in IM. Suddenly Daisy says to Max, "You are focusing on the breasts of the singer."

Max: "Eh... I look at you."

Daisy: "You don't. I see you now for seven minutes focusing on her."

Max is so shocked that he moves his camera by clicking on Radar, so the focus snaps to the next person.

Daisy: "Now no longer, but you don't focus on me. Now you look at the single dancing woman. We are done!"

Poor Max. He did not know how to disable the Firestorm viewer camera crossbeams.

The answer: Looking targets visual.

The object he was looking at or zooming to showed a target crosshair with his name to Daisy, to everyone really. If he would have clicked the ESC key on her first warning and took some time to learn about the settings, who knows, maybe it would have ended like in a fairy tale and they would have lived happily ever after.

For us at the Department C, it is important to get the targets, to get them all, not just the chat logs. That's why I hacked the viewers, an easy doing, as they were made by volunteers in their free time and just for fun. It was the time when we started social world simulators. A fun time now, as I look back after my retirement from the NGA.

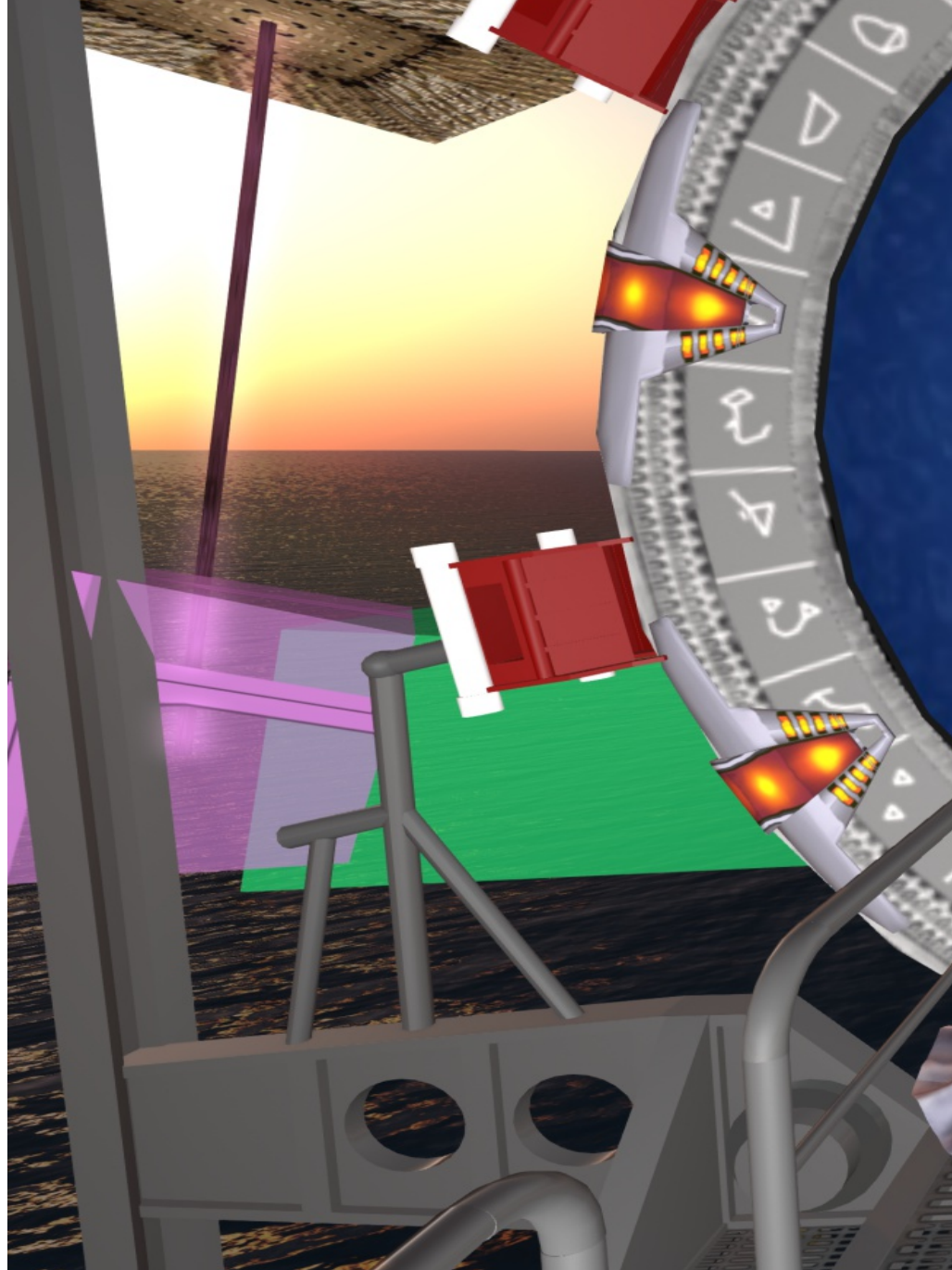
I named this chapter Philip Rosedale for a reason. He is the founder of Linden Lab, the company that created Second Life by using code developed at University of California Berkeley. When you hear UCB being in the software business, you know you are at a good place. Berkeley has the highest research budget of all US American Universities. In the late 1970s, Berkeley pushed and developed the open source movement resulting in the Berkeley Software Distribution (BSD) and the BSD/open software license. Berkeley co-manages the United States



Department of Energy National Laboratories, including Lawrence Berkeley National Laboratory, Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory and Los Alamos National Laboratory, the Mathematical Sciences Research Institute and the Space Sciences Laboratory. That is a quite impressive list, but Berkeley is different than all other think tanks in the United States for a reason. I call it “the thinking style.” I shall give words to the former Governor of California and a President of the United States to express what I mean. Ronald Reagan called the Berkeley campus, “A haven for communist sympathizers, protesters and sex deviants.” That Democrats outnumber Republicans on the faculty by a ratio of 9:1 gives a picture you shall keep in mind when we later step live into the world simulator.

In his last interview as CEO of Linden Lab, Philip Rosedale outlined the future of Avatar worlds. He stated that such future worlds would not become centralized monoliths like Second Life had been designed. No, he saw the future in distributed processing with thousands of servers hosting virtual worlds via a gigantic network.

In 2017, the time had come to bring his vision to reality. His new system, High Fidelity, is balanced and integrates all computers that run High Fidelity via a virtual sandbox system co-installed on



the local hard drive of each user. The idea might have come from the SETI project, where millions of people on Earth let the software run on their home computers to increase the chances of detecting extraterrestrial life by deciphering radio waves collected worldwide by telescopes. This allows the SETI Institute to extend the available computing power tremendously.

For us at the NGA, it is a horror to see data generated everywhere in bits and slices, tiny ones. Our question became, “How can we collect the data in a smart form?”





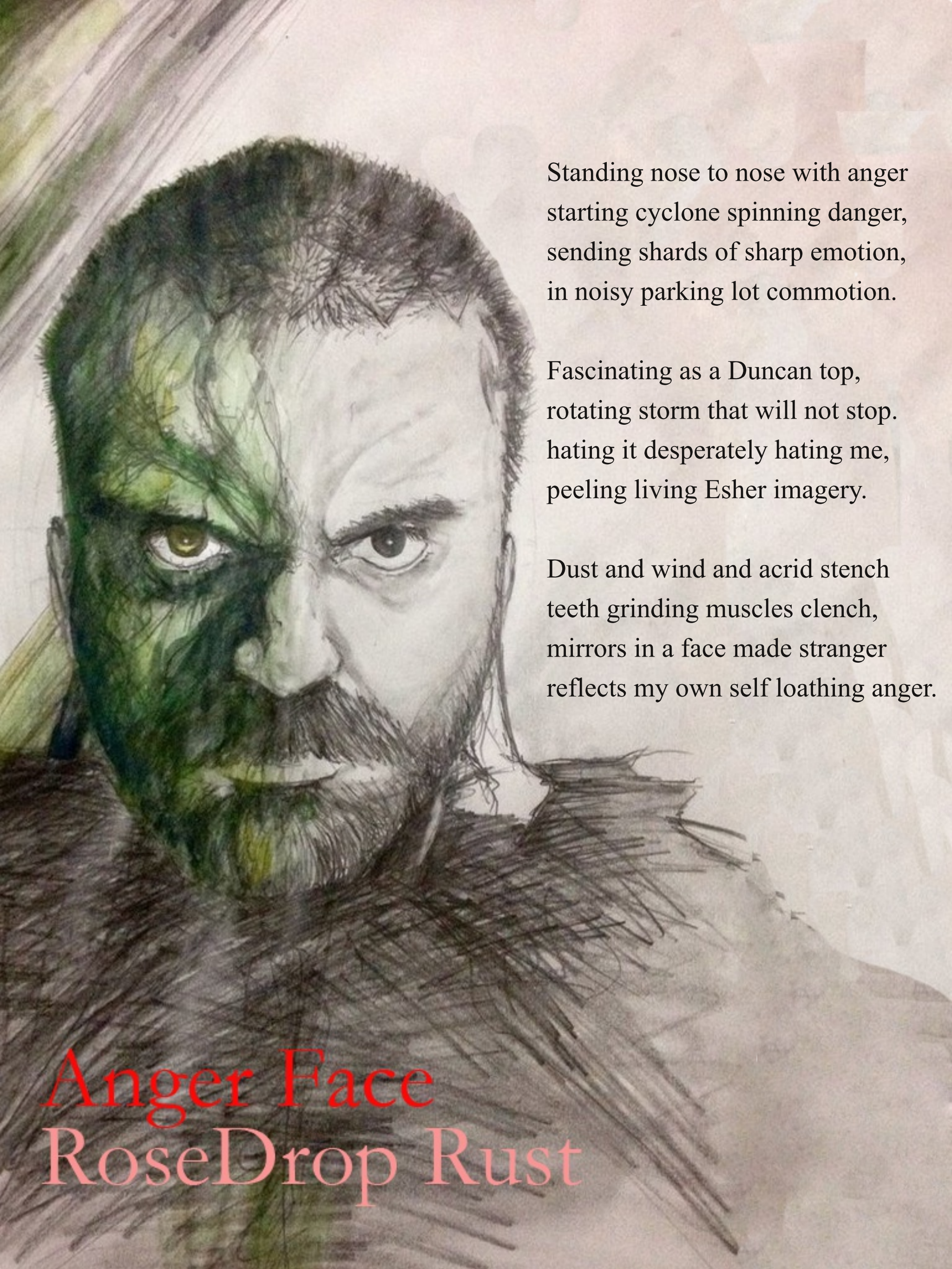
You may know from the Snowden files that we have access to the routers from Cisco, the hardware every internet provider in the data centers use to transmit packages to the internet or collect from. The chips used inside have a backdoor, built in commands, so from the technical side, there is rarely, if ever, a problem to trace and track data. But to give a second meaning to the billions of packages running all over the globe is hard work. In the current set-up, we need to sneak into your sandbox in order to be at your fingertips. Then track and trace is simple. We see what you see, what you build, what you plan. A big step towards homeland security, but we at

Department C are not the brute force division; we want to learn, we need to learn, to build a better future for you, for all of us. The benefit for your life, my life, our life, is what helped me decide to stay at the same level all these years and to work as a Worldartificer. There I made it to the highest rank, the C-Evangelista.... And there my story begins.

PHILIP ROSEDALE, an excerpt from *Not Sand Not Sound* to be published in September 2017 on Amazon.

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Standing nose to nose with anger  
starting cyclone spinning danger,  
sending shards of sharp emotion,  
in noisy parking lot commotion.

Fascinating as a Duncan top,  
rotating storm that will not stop.  
hating it desperately hating me,  
peeling living Esher imagery.

Dust and wind and acrid stench  
teeth grinding muscles clench,  
mirrors in a face made stranger  
reflects my own self loathing anger.

Anger Face  
RoseDrop Rust



# VEEP BY CATHERINE





# BOCCACCIO



photo by Bloody-Ball



Spiro was late getting into the office, which was unlike him. But it was not every day that Frank breezed through Washington and hosted one of his irresistible private parties. Who knew who would be there or what would happen?

There were some beautiful young women there, to be sure, and that was what the jackals in the press would concentrate on, if they got wind of it. But there were also congressmen, actors, lobbyists, artists, and television stars. Spiro wasn't one to get star struck, but for goodness sake, Columbo was there. And The Fonz!

Fran breezed into his office, after allowing him time to remove his jacket and put it on the coat tree, settle in his chair, and admire the clean, polished bare surface of his mahogany desk. He ran a tight ship, desk-wise. Everything seen to and disposed of by end-of-day. Or at least, put into an appropriate folder and tucked into a drawer.

"Golf," said Spiro, leaning back and putting his hands behind his head.

"Two-twelve," said Fran, flipping through the pages of his diary. "A foursome including Mr Sinatra, Mr Lebowitz, and Mr Spalding."

"Have a seat, dear," said Spiro. Fran eased into one of the small leather

chairs in front of his desk. "What about this morning?"

"Well, you are clear until 9:45, then a meeting/photo op with that Boy Scout troop, 15 minutes set aside. Then, ironically, nothing until 10:30, meeting in Haldeman's office, required attendance... then you speak over lunch at the Water Carrier convention: topic Freedom of the Press Ha Ha, and then... cocktails, golf, more cocktails, then dinner...." She smiled. Spiro believed Fran was too thin to be truly sexy, too old to be truly pretty, but she had a mischievous way about her which, combined with her blind obedience, Spiro found immensely charming. And she was smart, usually.

"What about the Maryland mayors?" asked Spiro. "I thought that was today."

"Oh drat," said Fran. "I forgot. That should have been half an hour ago."

"Call them now, and tell them I was called away by The President. Urgent, confidential consultation. Reschedule, tonight is ok, but tomorrow morning better. ...Now, Fran."

"Yes, sir."

"Send Felix in."

"Yes, sir."



Spiro went to the cabinet and got out the box that contained the chess board and all the pieces, beautiful black and white marble. He set it up on his desk.

Felix popped his head in the door. “Everything ok, Mr Vice President?”

“Of course, no security problems when you boys are around. Feel like getting whomped at chess? It is good training for you, you know, protecting the king and queen. I’ll let you play white this time.”

himself. He made his moves almost as quickly as if it were blitz chess. It was the Vice President who mulled and stalled, humming, moving pieces around without taking his hand off them, before finally settling on where to set the piece. And then erupting in a fury if Felix promptly took his man.

“What happens if the pawn gets to the other end, again?” Spiro asked.

“They become another queen.”



image by BrigBarkow

“White? Ok, Mr Vice President.”

“Only until 9:30 though,” said Spiro.

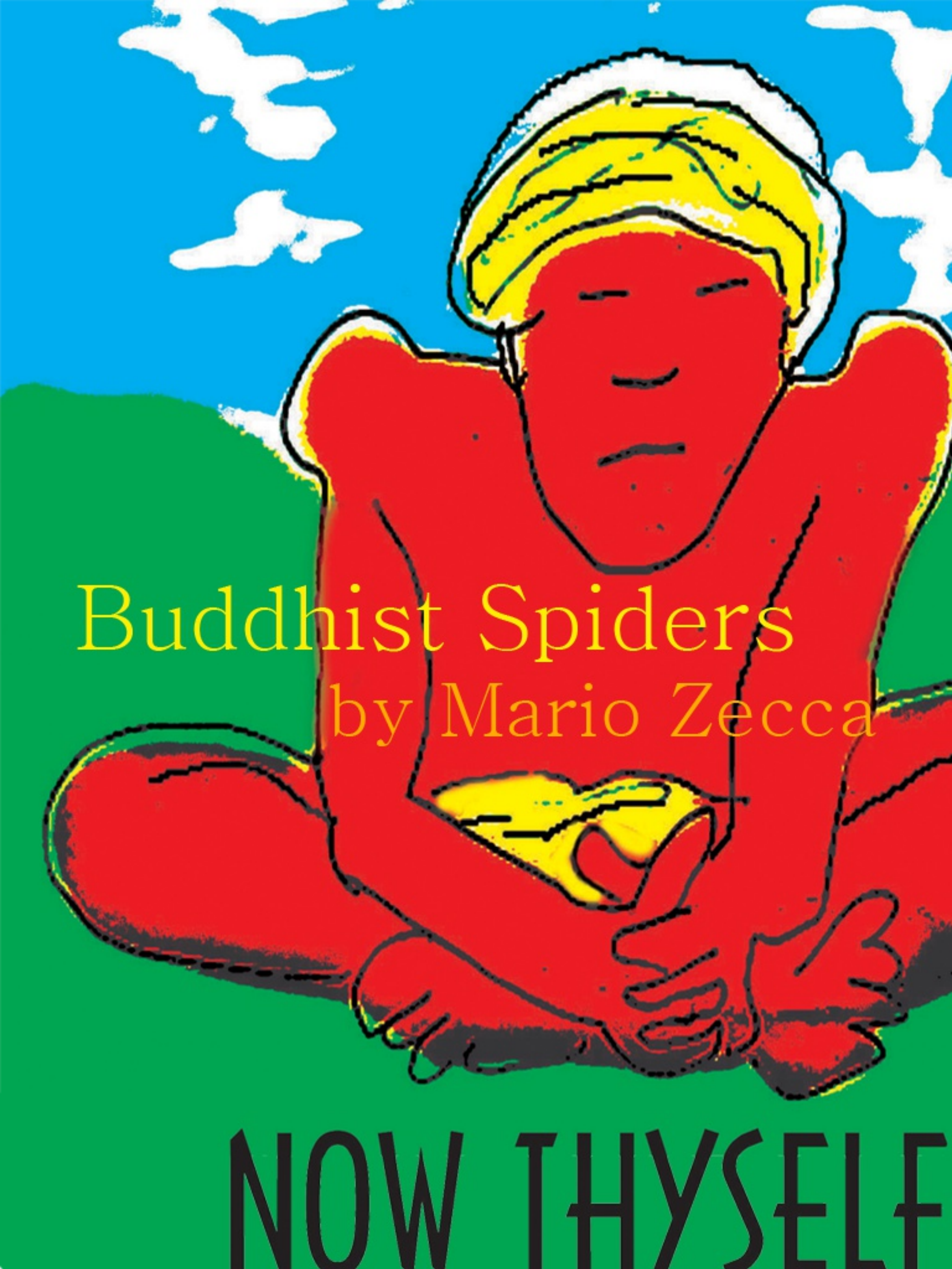
“Check,” said Felix. He chuckled to

“See Felix? That’s where hard work can take you. A pawn to a queen.”

“Yes, Mr Vice President.”

. r — e — z .



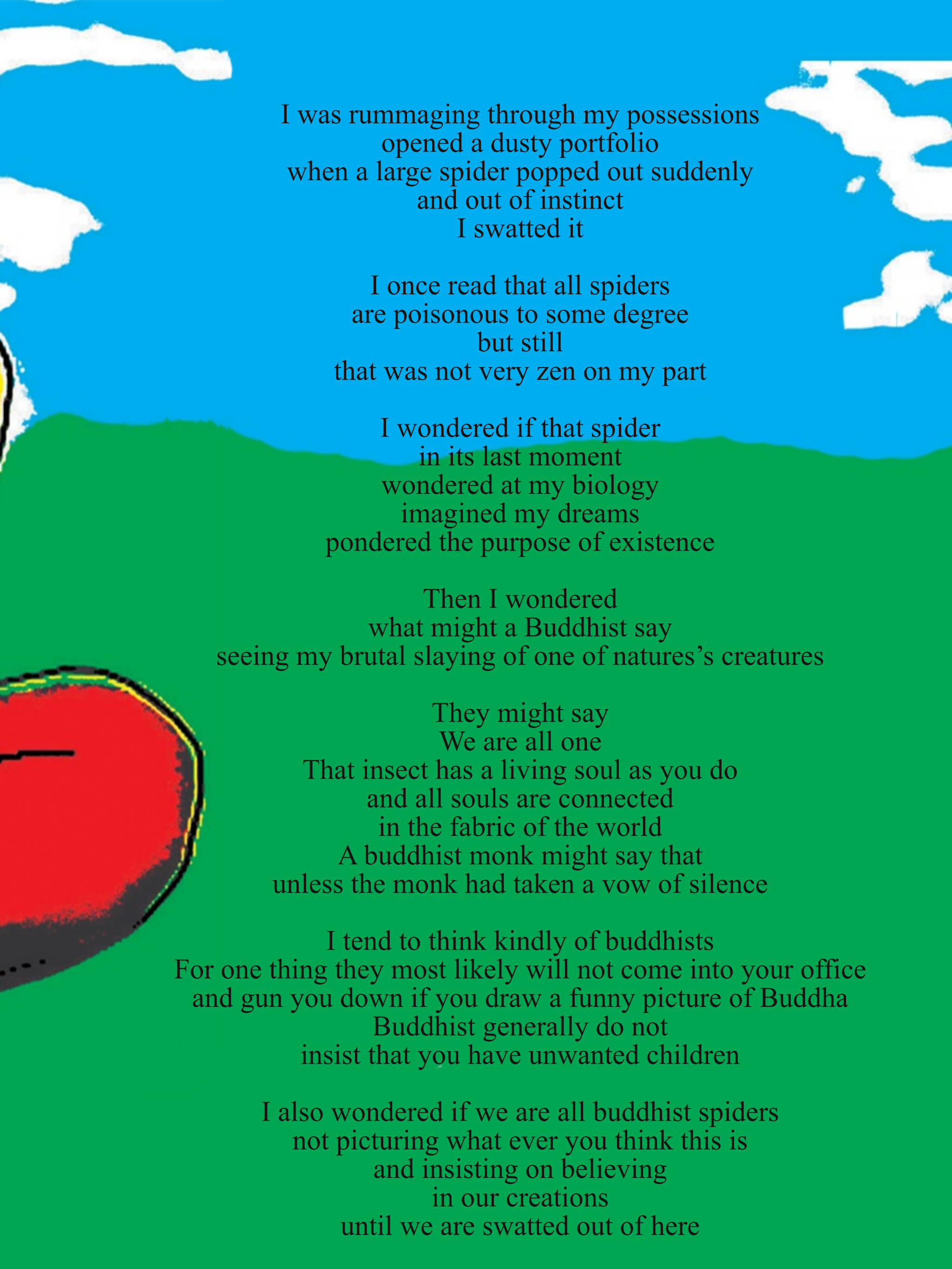


# Buddhist Spiders

by Mario Zecca

NOW THYSELF





I was rummaging through my possessions  
opened a dusty portfolio  
when a large spider popped out suddenly  
and out of instinct  
I swatted it

I once read that all spiders  
are poisonous to some degree  
but still  
that was not very zen on my part

I wondered if that spider  
in its last moment  
wondered at my biology  
imagined my dreams  
pondered the purpose of existence

Then I wondered  
what might a Buddhist say  
seeing my brutal slaying of one of nature's creatures

They might say  
We are all one  
That insect has a living soul as you do  
and all souls are connected  
in the fabric of the world  
A buddhist monk might say that  
unless the monk had taken a vow of silence

I tend to think kindly of buddhists  
For one thing they most likely will not come into your office  
and gun you down if you draw a funny picture of Buddha  
Buddhist generally do not  
insist that you have unwanted children

I also wondered if we are all buddhist spiders  
not picturing what ever you think this is  
and insisting on believing  
in our creations  
until we are swatted out of here





Indelible

Consuela Hypatia Caldwell



It's the indelible consequences  
Of things beyond your control,  
Mixed with the choices you make  
About your existence in the world.

The chemistry of mixed minds,  
Spills over into random attitudes.  
They're based on recurring thoughts,  
Imprinted since birth.

They offer themselves up  
As a buffet of life's circumstances.  
You choose which ones to pay attention to.  
Like a river's current,  
Choosing which direction to flow,  
Based on the topography of an uncontrolled mind,  
With its back eddies swirling, caught in repetition.  
They're eventually swept downstream  
Without any conscious decision to do so.

But you cling to any illusion of control,  
Losing yourself  
In the decision to pay attention,  
To the space between the lines  
That define the moments of your life.

They occur in the context  
Of the totality of your existence.  
Having the ephemeral qualities,  
Of electrical currents,  
Making their way through a lightning strike.  
Here, and there and then gone again.  
You ask if it's real,  
With its indelible consequences, on the rest of your life.



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